

The

MESSENGER



of OUR LADY OF AFRICA

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Reaching Souls Through Music

"THERE IS A TIME FOR WORK —
THERE IS A TIME FOR PLAY"

So goes the saying, and when it's time for play, the Missionaries want it to be educational also. Why not MUSIC on a higher and higher level? Our boys and girls of Africa *are* musical. Their brains are receptive too. They heartily welcome sounds and rhythms that differ from

theirs — other instruments than fifes and drums. So, dear Readers, we turn to you once more for help. It's a question of producing HARMONY in those long Sunday afternoons and in solemn parochial events.

NEEDED:—A portable gramophone for percussion band practices through various classes — a piano-accordion, an accordion and a mandolin. We presume that if our friends had such instruments, which they do not use, they would gladly give them to the Missions. Thank you once more! . . .

STAMPS!

STAMPS!

STAMPS!

We would sincerely appreciate Cancelled STAMPS, especially foreign ones and United States commemoratives and higher values. In thus sending us your stamps, you will help to support the missionaries and their apostolic works.

Please do not send ordinary stamps in an envelope first class mail, because the postage costs more than the stamps are worth. Kindly keep them until a box is filled; then send it parcel post or express.

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Our Front Cover

Rumors are going around that the Reds are trying to get control of Africa and do away with the Missionaries and the Catholic Church. Little Paulo is quite disturbed. But Maria tells him: "Why worry? Jesus and our Blessed Mother will help us to suffer for our Faith. Why, we may even have a chance of becoming martyrs like the children of China! So cheer up, Paulo, and smile."

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A Remedy for a Modern Evil

TOMASI and Lucia were both abandoned children brought up at the mission by the White Fathers and Sisters. Of their own free will they became Catholic and later on decided to marry.

The tomtom announced the ceremony and in the presence of a large congregation Tomasi accepted Lucia for his lawful wife and Lucia accepted Tomasi for her lawful husband.

Everything went well for the first few months. Then Tomasi thought his wife did not do enough work and Lucia felt her husband did not help her with the work as he should. From then on there were many quarrels and happiness was a thing of the past.

One morning after Mass, Father saw the couple arrive in the sacristy looking a bit embarrassed.

"Good morning, what can I do for you?"

"Father!"

"Father!"

"Perhaps you want to go to confession."

"Oh! no, Father, on the contrary."

"On the contrary! . . . What then?"

"Father, you married us."

"Yes, but that was not too long ago. I hope you are getting along well together."

"Father," exclaimed Tomasi, "things are not going well."

"Oh! no, not at all," sighed Lucia.

"Already! What's the matter, my children?"

"It's her fault . . ."

"No, it's his fault . . ."

"Now let us see," said the Missionary, "with a little good will on one side and the other, you could get along well together. Don't you think so, Tomasi?"

"Ah! Father, if only you would unmarry us."

"You mean to say you want to be divorced?"

"No, not divorced, since we learnt it was forbidden. But just unmarry us."

"Unmarry you!" Then, after reflecting an instant, Father said: "That cannot be done by a priest, but by the village chief. However, I warn you; it will be very painful."

"That doesn't matter," they both agreed.

"Well then, be at the chief's tomorrow at this same hour. I will let him know about it."

The next morning the couple arrived at destination at the given time. The chief made his appearance with a thong of hippopotamus skin.

"Kneel down one along side of the other and bend over," he said very solemnly.

Then he began to lash them alternately; first one stroke, then two, then five trying to keep an equal balance.

This impartiality helped them to support the lashing without a word. She is getting as many as I am, thought Tomasi. He is receiving the same dose, thought Lucia.

But before long they had enough and Tomasi cried out, "Will it soon be finished?"

"Oh! not yet, my friends, Father told you it would be painful; but be patient!" and he continued the lashing.

A few more minutes and the chief heard between sighs and moans, "How many more strokes?"

"I don't know," he replied in an indifferent tone of voice and continued.

"Enough, enough," groaned the two patients.

"It's a question of getting you unmarried, isn't it?"

"Yes, that is what we want," cried Tomasi.

"Well what did you learn about marriage?"

"We learnt . . . we learnt . . . well we learnt that marriage cannot be broken but by the death of the wife or husband."

"Consequently, I must continue to strike until you, Tomasi, or you, Lucia, pass away."

"No, no, then we do not want to be unmarried," they exclaimed in unison. They had grasped the lesson!

"Very well, get up, my friends, and make peace . . ."

"Dear Lucia, you will now do the work."

"And you, dear Tomasi, you will help me."

"Lucia, you promise not to call me a hippopotamus' head."

"Yes, if you promise not to tell me any more I have a crocodile's jaw."

"I promise."

"Well and good my friends, now go see Father and make your peace with God. May you and many others profit by this lesson."

Since that day, Tomasi and Lucia are the model couple of their village.



Missionaries Praised By African King

CHARLES MUTARA, King of Ruanda, in a letter to His Excellency, Bishop Deprimoz, Apostolic Vicar of Ruanda, wrote: "Through the Missionaries we have learned to know what is good and what is evil; through them we have attained respect and, as a direct result of this, a regime of moral justice and peace." The King also stated that the future civilization of his country will be Christian or it will be nothing.

Back in 1947, when the King was knighted with the Cross of Commander of the Order of St. Gregory the Great by His Excellency, Bishop Dellepiane, the Apostolic Delegate, he recalled the dream of Cardinal Lavigerie to see the establishment of a Christian Kingdom in Central Africa. The King then asked His Excellency to tell our Holy Father that the Cardinal's dream was about to come true in Ruanda and its neighboring territory, Urundi. "We anticipate the day," the King declared, "when all our political and social organizations will be stamped with the ideals of Christianity. Ruanda cannot expect to reach the heights of which it is capable except in the religion which civilized the European countries."

Ruanda and Urundi, which were introduced to Christianity only 50 years ago by the White Fathers, are under the administrative power of Belgium. They are among the most flourishing mission areas in Africa, with more than a third of the population Catholic.

The inhabitants, whether they herd their flocks or cultivate the land, are a wholesome people both in their physical and moral life. Monogamy is now the usual practice. This explains, perhaps, the extraordinary surge towards Christianity in Ruanda and Urundi since 1932. The Holy Ghost has let His graces flow in torrents on these people, who are so well disposed to receive it and the number of Catholics are growing in tremendous proportions among them. The White Fathers and Sisters were hard put to keep up with the pace . . .

At present there are 900,000 Christians and 330,000 catechumens in Ruanda and Urundi. They have already given to Christ 100 priests, 70 brothers and 220 sisters. One hundred



A Throng of Catholics Gather for Mass

seminarians, 15 novice-brothers and 50 novicenuns will soon swell the ranks.

For the throngs of Ruandi-Urundi, the priests use immense ciboria capable of holding from 16,000 to 20,000 hosts, since the majority of the people receive Communion every time they assist at Mass. The endless line to the Communion rail on a Sunday made Bishop Dellepiane, the Apostolic Delegate, exclaim: "Is it always Easter here?"

With so many and fervent Christians, the work is tremendous. The needs of the sick in the hospitals, dispensaries and homes, the schools of all kinds, the guidance of those who are studying for the religious life; the preparation of children and adults for their First Communion — all these things bring a continual crowd to the missions. Some of the dispensaries receive as many as 700 to 800 sick before noon. Those who come a great distance are carried on stretchers.

Prenatal care, dispensaries, milk stations, and help with the feeding problems of the babies are available at all the posts. There are still too few hospitals, maternity wards, and leper colonies to fill the demand.

The many schools also take a great deal of the White Sisters' time. Whether it be in the science classes, the teachers' college, the lower grades, the boarding schools for the daughters of the chiefs, or the novitiates for the native sisters, the White Sisters strive always to improve the status of the African girl.

Classes in sewing, practical hygiene and the fundamentals of gardening receive as much attention as those in history, geography and arithmetic, for it is not advisable to make of the children pedants who would refuse to do manual work after five or six years of study.

The aim at the normal school, as well as at the novitiate for the native sisters, is to give a sound, well rounded technical education that is firmly grounded on strong moral convictions.

But the novitiate has a higher aim than to graduate girls who are capable of teaching. Its primary purpose is to form fervent and worthy religious. They themselves have no other goal than to belong to God. The first to give themselves by vow to God and the service of their neighbor gave proof of their sincerity by the heroic courage they showed in overcoming the difficulties that were placed in the way of their vocation.

Even though some of them were forced to submit to every form of cruelty in an effort to shake their resolve, they remained firm in their decision. One was whipped until her flesh was torn by the force of the blows; another was tied to the main pillar of the hut, deprived of food and beaten until the intervention of the chief forced her release.

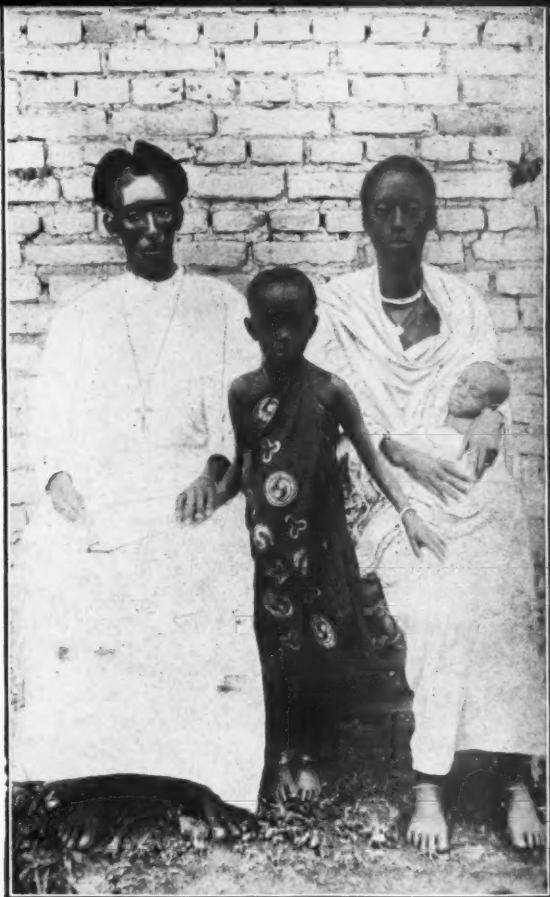
If these things seldom happen anymore, the difficulty of the vows of religion still exists. When she enters the convent, the aspirant is expected to leave her old way of life by renouncing her whims, and to submit to the rules. In a word, to live the life of a religious. Ancestral prejudices, egotism, laziness and all the other defects of character disappear little by little in the peaceful atmosphere of the cloister.

Devoted to work that has been given them, the African Sisters live a life of happy serenity, fraternal charity and fidelity to God in their 28 convents in Ruanda and Urundi. A sister, who was on her deathbed was asked:

"Are you afraid to die?"

"Why should I be afraid," she answered. "I have tried to do everything that we were taught during the novitiate."

Yes, Cardinal Lavigerie's dream is about to come true in Ruanda and Urundi territories.



A Christian Family of Ruandi

Much has been accomplished by the Missionaries with the help of God and the assistance of our benefactors. But how much more could be done if only there were more Missionaries!

The Wisdom of a Child

NFISSA, A LITTLE MOHAMMEDAN girl, is seven years old. At the workroom she heard the Sister talk about God and she heard that God was present everywhere, but she could not understand this truth.

Belonging to the better off class, she lives in a villa in which all the rooms open into an interior court. It is here that the family gathers each evening after supper.

Nfissa who has a pure and poetic soul likes to look up and admire the star studded sky or the big yellow moon that sheds its gentle light all around her. In her simplicity she does not believe it to be any larger than as she sees it and that it does not shine anywhere else except over their house.

Her grandmother, on her way home from a trip to her original village, was all enthused when she stopped in to see them. She told of many wonderful things, but Nfissa and her sisters found it difficult to believe that any place could be more beautiful than the little

world they knew. In the midst of the discussion Nfissa pointed to the moon and said with a triumphant air:

"They didn't have that where you were."

"You mean the moon? Of course they have the moon there the same as we do," replied the old woman looking up into the sky.

"But how can they when we have it here?" asked Nfissa.

"The one that we saw there is the same that we see now. There is only one moon, child, and all the people in the whole world can see it."

This was too much for poor little Nfissa to understand, but during the night she solved her problem.

The next day at the workroom she told Sister: "If there is only one moon for all the world, I can understand now how there can be but one God. Since so small a moon is sufficient for all men, and all countries and everyone can see it, I understand now how one God, who is very, very big is enough for all men too, and that no matter where we are, He can always see us."

The Tomtom - - - Drum and Telephone

CURIOUS AS IT may seem, the Dagaris manifest with ease their deepest sentiments by different beatings on a primitive drum. The famous tomtom might even be considered a language distinct from all other spoken languages. At least the Africans believe it so and use it regularly to send news from one village to another.

When a chief has work to be done he simply orders the beating of the tomtom by an attendant and immediately the men in question know that they must be in such-and-such a place at such-and-such a time. The death of a relative or friend is made known in the same way.

At Kaleo it has now become customary to use the tomtoms to call the people to church the last days of Holy Week, when the bells are silent. One day one of our converts was at the mission when suddenly he heard the tomtom in the distance. "That beating," he said, "is being done by my brother, who wants to speak to me." He immediately picked up our tomtom and gave it several beats in rapid succession. The same beats were repeated at the other "end of the line" and then conversation began. At first he gave way to loud laughter, then he became serious and listened attentively, which told me that a real conversation was going on. After some time he gently put aside the tom-

tom, just as one might replace the receiver on the telephone. . . .

This instrument is a hollow cylinder dug into a piece of very hard wood sometimes two or three feet long. Over the opening, from twelve to twenty-four inches in diameter, a piece of cow-hide, an antelope skin or the skin of another wild animal is stretched tight. The small tomtom is carried about the neck; the large one rests on the ground, the upper part leaning on a support.

The Africans beat the tomtom with their fingers or with a small drum-stick. Not all of them are able to do it however. It is considered an art by them which must be learnt just as one might learn to play any other instrument. Some of course become more skilled than others, and enjoy much prestige because of this.

As I mentioned above, the tomtom is not only a means of communication (the large ones can be heard four miles away), but it is also a musical instrument. Besides playing for dances which our Dagaris love, the drummers are always called upon to direct singing. Playing the tomtom is the favorite pastime of many a Dagari in dry season when the work in the fields is over. For one not accustomed to it, the noise is irritating, but to our Africans it is the sweetest of music!



A DIAMOND JUBILARIAN

Sister St. Philip who recently celebrated her Diamond Jubilee was one of the first group of five Sisters to leave the Motherhouse for the mission of Karema on Lake Tanganyika 57 years ago. To reach the missions in Central Africa back in 1894 was not so easy as it is today. For instance, it took our missionaries in those days four months to arrive at destination. At present, the same distance can be covered by plane in four days. But let us quote what one of the White Fathers of the group has to say about their journey.

* * * *

"I WAS ONE of the priests in the group that left for Karema in Tanganyika in 1894. Bishop Lechaptois conducted the little party to its destination. I can still see the confusion as we packed our luggage in the unsettled house at Marseille, which had just been founded. If the priests were awkward and hard put to get all their effects into three galvanized boxes which were permitted and could not weigh more than fifty pounds each, the Sisters with dexterous fingers quickly had theirs packed.

"The party consisting of a Bishop, four priests, one brother and five sisters departed, a little bewildered, but happy. After four months of travel by land and water we were going to taste at last the life which we had chosen . . . that of Missionaries in Africa. We had accepted the joys of our vocation and we were unwilling to be less generous in accepting its hardships.

First Stage of Our Journey

"The crossing of the Mediterranean was uneventful. But from then on we spent long days aboard uncomfortable little boats, on the backs of mules and on foot. At last we arrived at Karonga on the north shore of Lake Nyassa.

"But Karonga was on the route of the caravans and the carrying of ivory was more profitable to the natives than the carrying of our baggage. While waiting eight days until we could procure porters, we absorbed all the interesting sights about us. We marveled at the ivory tusks we saw, some of which were so heavy, they required two men to carry them.

"True to the rule the first stage of our journey had not seemed long. We had arrived at the foot of a mountain, which we would have to climb the next day, and camped for the night. Setting up camp was no small affair. We Fathers were as new at this as the Sisters; and if Bishop Lechaptois had not been more experienced, we would probably have spent most of the nights under the stars.

"After about ten stops we arrived at Mambwe, where two Fathers and one Brother



were already fairly established among a scattered and totally pagan population in a house they themselves had built. Let me say in passing that this same Mambwe now has thousands of fervent Catholics, though these three pioneers did not live to see the fruit of their labors.

"After a short rest with our colleagues we started on the path that had been named after Stevenson and is at present a wide highway through the jungle.

Lake Tanganyika

"After twelve more days over mountains, through valleys and swamps, we arrived at a village high in the hills. From there we saw for the first time the beautiful and impressive Lake Tanganyika in the distance. If the sisters stood breathless before the panorama, the view of this immense body of water filled us no less with amazement and wonder. Under the November sun the lake was resplendent and calm and brilliant as a mirror, silver in places or reflecting patches of blue or purple under a scattered light mist. I have come to know it in all its moods . . . how it rises in sudden fury during the rainy season, the terrible winds that lash its waters during the monsoons, and the long months when all is parched and dry beside the glaring water.

"It is difficult to tell with what enthusiasm we arrived at the mission of Kala, situated high



on the shores of the lake. Bishop Lechaptois had founded this mission three years before when he was the eleventh White Father to reach the interior. The White Fathers were no longer a novelty to the natives; but they had never before seen any Sisters, and they looked them over from head to foot. All during the long journey His Excellency had been trying to think of a suitable name for them that would be acceptable to the natives. But they solved the problem for him by spontaneously calling them "Mama." And so they are called to this day.

Arrival at Karema

"To arrive at our final destination we confided ourselves to a half dozen boatmen who were familiar with the shore and the caprices of the lake. We usually sailed at night, depending on the weather, with sails if there was wind or with oars if there was none.

"After being rocked by the waves and the monotonous chant of the oarsmen for a week, we arrived at Karema, the land of our dreams, on Lake Tanganyika. The entire population was down to the shore to meet us. Amidst the shrieking and jostling of the crowd, the Sisters were carried triumphantly by the natives to their dwelling.

"Among the missionaries who were there to greet them, none was happier than Brother Jerome, already sixty-five years old, who could remember having taught the elementaries of farming to the very first White Sisters by order of Cardinal Lavigerie. He had converted Fort Leopold, which had been given to the Cardinal by King Leopold II, into a convent. Later, fortified as of old, they shared it with orphans who had been ransomed from slavery.

Karema Today

"The village of Karema alone at present numbers over 3,000 Catholics. If it has prospered materially and spiritually it is due to a large extent to the efforts of the first White Sisters who formed hundreds of young girls to be good Christian mothers.

"During the long years that they have worked on the shores of Lake Tanganyika much has been accomplished, but not all the

Sisters lived to see the fruit of the ground they ploughed. Of the group who arrived in Karema in November 1894, only one Sister remains. We have seen the planting, the growth and the harvest, not only at Karema but in the vicinity as well. And now under the weight of many years we pray the Lord of the harvest to send many laborers to reap the harvest that is ripe."

Not only did the first White Sisters form hundreds of girls to become good Catholic mothers, but already in 1908 they opened the first Native Novitiate to form the African girls to the religious life. Sister St. Philip devoted

Means of Conveyance of the First Missionaries in Africa



many years to this noble work, but at the same time took care of the sick and visited the natives at domicile, even in far distant villages.

Some years ago, Sister was changed to another mission, but recently returned to Karema. There was great rejoicing when it was heard that Mama Philipa was to return and the whole village was out to meet Sister when the boat came in sight. As the news spread of Mama Philipa's return the people came from far and wide to see her and brought her presents, such as they give in this part of Africa . . . eggs, corn and flour.

Sister began to visit the distant villages again and her old friends, whom she was instrumental in bringing into the Church, were overjoyed in seeing her. One day she came to the hut of an old blind woman, who on hearing it was Mama Philipa cried out: "Oh, it is such a long time since we saw you. You taught us about God and helped us to become His children and

now our good God has sent you back to help us to die."

Sister could not remember this old woman and asked her name.

"Mama, you do not remember me? Why I am Marguerita and my husband is Adriano. You came to nurse him so often when he was wounded by a lion near the lake."

Adriano, then Mbondo was a renowned hunter because of the many hippopotami, lions, crocodiles and other wild animals he caught. He was a pagan and lived underneath the stars or in the jungle in a hut made of tree branches with his three wives. He was in good relationship with the missionaries and often sent a

ter sent for a White Father.

When the Missionary arrived, Mbondo told him he wanted to die as a Christian, not as a pagan.

"Then you must be baptized," Father told him.

"Yes, I want to be baptized; I do not want to die as an animal."

"But you have three wives and a Christian may have but one."

"I will send two of them away. I'll keep the one who was faithful to me and helped me when I was struggling with the lion. The two others can go where they want. I give them their liberty."

In the best of dispositions, Mbondo was baptized and received the name of Adriano. He remained in danger for a long while and needed a great deal of care. Not having any place to keep him at the mission in those days, the Sisters would walk for almost an hour under the burning sun to visit him and dress his numerous wounds until he was completely cured. Little by little the condition of Adriano improved. Life, courage and strength came back to this happy child of God.

When he was well enough, he followed the four year course of instruction required for Baptism. His wife accompanied him to the lessons and in due time was baptized and received the name of Marguerita.

Both of them are old now and Marguerita being blind cannot do much in the house. However she says her rosary several times a day, while Adriano still goes to the lake to get water and to the forest to find wood to do the cooking.

How many other such stories could be told of Sr. St. Philip! Yes, she has helped many Africans to become children of God and has given a passport to Heaven to many dying babies. Who would not like to follow in her footsteps and reap the harvest that she has sown?

piece of meat to the mission which was a great help in feeding the numerous orphans.

One night a lion came upon Mbondo's hut and caught hold of him. While two of his wives ran away as fast as they could, the third stayed and tried to defend her husband, screaming and beating the animal with a stick. But the lion with its claws badly tore Mbondo's body. After some time, however, the woman managed to frighten away the beast and get help. Some men carried the bleeding victim to his village and they immediately sent for the Sisters.

It took some time to clean the wounds which were full of hair and Sr. St. Philip, realizing her patient was in danger, gently told him and asked if he did not wish to become a child of God and go to Heaven. Mbondo willingly consented and Sis-



Villa Maria Hospital

Rev. J. D. Murphy, W.F.

The White Sisters are in charge of this hospital in Uganda, but Divine Providence lends a helping hand.

"**A**NYTHING CAN HAPPEN in a mission hospital," were the first words of explanation I heard from Sister St. Hubert as she showed me through the White Sisters' hospital at Villa Maria in Uganda. "One case in particular remains in my mind," continued Sister, "a case where a MPAWO, or open calabash from which our people drink their banana beer, served as a disinfectant." As I settled into a comfortable chair Sister told her story.

"Beer is beer the world over, as you know, Father, and MWENGE, the native drink made from the fermented juice of bananas, has a rather powerful effect when taken in sufficient quantities. One night a group of friends were chatting together and the familiar pot of MWENGE was in the center of the circle. As time went on, the beer flowed and emotions flared up. Eventually a quarrel broke out between the men. During the fray, one of them grabbed his spear and struck at his opponent. The inevitable result was a huge gaping wound in the poor fellow's stomach exposing his intestines which were partly hanging outside.

First Aid

"There wasn't a doctor within miles in those days so the men brought him along to our hospital. To keep the intestines from falling out

they used the nearest thing at hand, the MPAWO or calabash. One look at the wound and another at the dirty MPAWO which had come in contact with it convinced me that the man would not live long. But I determined to do what I could to ease his sufferings. Somehow or other I managed to clean the wound, then I pushed the intestines inside and sewed him up." There was a pause. Sister noticed my silence, and looking up she saw the evident question on my face.

"Oh yes," she vividly answered, "he lived. In fact, three weeks later he was up and around. I hadn't thought of that calabash as a beer container. The alcohol had served as a disinfectant!"

Villa Maria itself, about twenty miles inland from Lake Victoria, was one of the first mission stations erected by the White Fathers when they arrived in Uganda seventy years ago. It is not a town at all, in the American sense of the word, for the Baganda have never grouped together to dwell in what we would call a town or city. They prefer to live in tiny villages or even in isolated huts.

However, Villa Maria (name given to the mission station by the White Fathers who planted the Cross there in 1892) grew up into an important Catholic center in the midst of these African villages. Within a radius of a few miles there is a large mission station today cared for by the African secular clergy under Bishop Joseph Kiwanuka. There is also the Major Seminary at Katigondo, and Minor at Bukalasa; a large convent of the White Sisters at Bwanda where the good nuns direct the novitiate and training center for African Sisters (Bannabikira); a secondary school for girls and a normal school for teachers; finally, there is another smaller convent at Villa Maria where the Sisters direct the hospital besides being in charge of a boarding school.

Sister told me how the hospital was begun by Sister Thomas thirty-seven years ago. It was just a single thatched-roof hut in those days and the floor was

In making beer from bananas, the ripened fruit is first crushed and the juice poured into a calabash for fermentation.





Villa Maria Hospital

the beaten earth. A wonderful development has since transformed the locality; I counted eight pavilions, a maternity and a pre-natal clinic for in-patients, and a large dispensary for out-patients. In all there are one hundred beds in the hospital. The separate pavilions, Sister said, are to please the Baganda, who even while at the hospital do not like being crowded together in one place. The buildings are nothing like one sees in America but I did notice that they are made of sundried bricks, with tile roofs and flagstone floors. Cleanliness to the degree of spotlessness exists everywhere. Shade trees, flower beds and rows of neatly trimmed hedges convince the visitor that everything possible is being done to make the surroundings pleasant for the patients. I was told that Sister herself and her nurses look after these during their free time. When they find it, I cannot say.

Some Help On Small Budget

Up until last year Sister St. Hubert was the only nun assigned to the hospital. Smilingly, she confessed: "As I am now nearer seventy than sixty, some time ago I asked for an assistant, and another White Sister has come to help me."

Besides the two nuns there are twelve African nurses on the staff. They are not registered nurses for the simple reason that the meagre budget cannot absorb such an expense, but these women have been exceptionally well trained by Sister St. Hubert over a period of years and their aid is invaluable.

Her mention of a budget was my cue for a question which had often come to me since I paid my first visit to the hospital. "Sister," I asked, "how is the hospital run financially? Do you receive any government subsidies?"

Her face lit up with a little smile. "God has a hand in our work, Father, and it seems that Divine Providence is doing admirably well. We receive no outside help, either from the government or other sources, but we seem to manage somehow. Lately the Sisters at the convent have been putting designs on bark-cloth and I have a group of girls who embroider it. They make place-mats, runners and other little curios which we offer for sale. They do not bring in much but we are glad to have this extra income."

"Can the patients themselves do anything to help?"

"I am afraid it is very little. You see, we have an arrangement here which makes them feel that they are not receiving pure charity. A patient wishing to preserve a sort of independence pays us one shilling per month." As that equals fourteen cents in American money, I could get the point. "Well, Sister, if some-generous person in the United States wanted to help you, what would you ask for?"

"There is only one thing we really need, Father, and that is a continual requirement: medicine. It is so expensive that our supply is never adequate."

In this country of mosquitoes, malaria is the most common cause of hospitalization. But there are also numerous cases of pneumonia, typhoid and tick fever, hook-worm among children, and bronchitis. Cases of snake-bite are quite frequent. There are two particularly dangerous snakes here, the SALAMBWA or adder, and the NSWERA. A bite from either of these snakes can cause death within a couple of

hours if it is not quickly and properly treated. On one occasion a man rushed to the hospital to say that his wife had been bitten by a NSWERA. Sister immediately set out for the man's home with an injection of antitoxin. When she arrived, however, the woman was dead. And yet this place was only a twenty minute walk from the hospital.

Fang and Claw

The lions and the leopards cause a lot of damage, too. Through caring for the Africans attacked by these wild animals, the Sisters have come across cases of extreme bravery. One poor woman was brought in, terribly mauled by a leopard. It seems that she had left her hut one morning and upon her return she found herself face to face with a leopard, about ready to pounce upon her baby. With no thought of self-preservation, and armed only with her fists, she threw herself upon the savage brute. Hearing her cries some of the neighbors hurried to the scene, but before the animal was killed the woman had been clawed about the arms and head. Her long convalescence at the hospital was brightened by the thought that she had saved her child.

Self Preservation

Presence of mind, and a cool, daring courage saved the life of yet another man. A group of natives were out on a lion hunt; the king of the jungle had been preying on cattle in the district. When the lion was spotted, this man boldly advanced upon it with his spear. Naturally, he expected to be followed by his companions. They, however, took to their heels in the opposite direction. Finding himself alone before a crouching lion he rushed towards the beast hoping it would not spring upon him. At close quarters he thrust his left arm right down the lion's throat as a means of protection against its terrible jaws. With his right hand he plunged his spear again and again into its body until it finally collapsed under the blows. When the man was brought to the hospital his arm was in a pitiable state; in fact, he never recovered the full use of it. However, it was undoubtedly his cool action which saved his life.

Although there is a daily average of some eighty out-patients visiting the dispensary, I could see that Sister's great pride and joy was the maternity. A large pleasant ward, it has thirty beds. There are about four hundred births a year. Last year there were ten sets of twins, and on one occasion triplets were born. It was the first time Sister had seen such an event in Africa. Prenatal care is given to about a thousand expectant mothers each year. At



The Maternity Ward

the sight of unhygienic conditions generally prevailing here, one realizes how important this is.

There is no question of religion upon entering the hospital. Protestants, Moslems and pagans alike are admitted. They all receive the same care and attention, and all are as welcome as the Catholics. The Sisters never deliberately try to make conversions at the hospital; they merely do their best in showing Christian charity towards all. Knowing how self-sacrificing are the lives of these courageous missionary White Sisters, I am sure that God must have used them as His instruments of grace and that sincere conversions have most certainly followed a visit to Villa Maria. The Nuns do have the consolation of knowing that many a soul has left the hospital directly for God; with the permission of their non-Catholic parents, some infants and babies have been baptized by the Sisters and the nurses just before death.

With great difficulty and after some persuasion I managed to have Sister St. Hubert give me a few details about herself. She is from Belgium. After making her profession she trained as a nurse in Brussels, specializing in tropical diseases. She served in the Nurse Corps during the whole of the first World War and then came out to the Congo. After eight years there she was sent to Uganda and has been at Villa Maria for the past twenty years.

Angels of Mercy

This is not the first White Sisters' hospital I have visited in the missions of Central Africa. However, I can truthfully say that it is typical of them all. As I took leave of Sister and her patients, the same thought was in my mind as I had had on other visits: what precious aids in the missionary task are the White Sisters! As with all Religious in hospitals throughout the world, theirs is a life of devotion and sacrifice. Only God knows the part they have played in making this country as Catholic as it is today.

JAKOBO'S ORDER

A catalogue from a big department store fell into the hands of a bright young man in one of our bush missions. Jakobo had learnt to read and write at the village school and felt quite proud of himself as he looked at the pictures of the different articles for sale.

He was very much attracted by the page advertising ladies' dresses. Very thoughtfully Jakobo counted his savings and decided to order number 3129.

Shortly afterwards he was notified to call at the Post Office. Jakobo's heart beat faster. Dressed in his Sunday best he set out on the nine mile walk to receive his order.

On arriving he was presented with a parcel. Surprised, provoked and displeased, he refused to accept it.

"Why?" said the Post Master, "Here is the dress you ordered."

"Dress!" shouted Jakobo, "It was not the dress that I ordered, but the lady who was in it."

A Hyena Does a Good Act

by Emile Martin, W. F.

IN THE VILLAGE of Butuntumula, here in Uganda, a young man by the name of Mayungwe received a bad cut on the ankle of his right foot. He did nothing about it and of course it festered. In a few days it was so bad that two of his friends, living near him in the village, took him to the hospital at Bomo. There the doctor needed only one look to see that gangrene had set in, and he advised an immediate amputation of the foot.

But Mayungwe, when he heard this, refused point-blank and asked his companions to carry him back to the village, where he would be cared for by means of native medicine. The doctor could do nothing of course.

When they returned, a small hut was built for the patient near his banana plantation, just at the edge of the village, for no one could stand the terrible odor of this open, festering wound.

On the following night a hyena, on his usual rounds in the village, could not help being attracted to the hut of Mayungwe. The poor fellow was sound asleep — and how soundly these Negroes out here can sleep! The hyena put his head through the reed wall

of the hut, opened his jaws and seized the foot of Mayungwe right on top of the terrible sore.

You can imagine the quick awakening! For a moment he thought it was the surgeon cutting off his foot. But then he felt himself slipping, for the hyena, still holding on with his strong jaws, was trying to drag his victim from the hut. Immediately realizing the situation, Mayungwe grabbed the pole in the middle of the hut, held on for dear life and yelled for help for all he was worth.

Hearing his cries, his neighbors came running to see what the trouble was. But the hyena was not going to give up after so much had been staked. Taking one huge bite, he pulled off the flesh and fled.

You will have guessed what happened. Yes, it is true. That one bite took off the festering sore completely — with a bit more besides. It had almost cost Mayungwe his foot and there it was, gone, just as simple as that. All that his friends had to do was to disinfect the section where the hyena's teeth had torn the flesh, keep bandaging it and nature did the rest. After two weeks Mayungwe was on his two feet once more, completely cured. I would say that it was the first time any hyena ever did a good deed in all its life.

Bino, the Witch Doctor

He Became As Good a Christian
As He Was a Wily Witch-Doctor



Bino, the Witch-Doctor

"PETRO!" FATHER SUPERIOR called him. "Now you must do something to make up for the scandal and the evil that you have caused in the past . . . You have abused the faith of ignorant people . . . you have extorted their goods and caused them much damage!" Petro listened in silence. "Being poor yourself," Father Superior continued, "you could not pay them back—but there is another way in which you can render some good to make up for the evil you have done." Petro lifted his gaze from the ground and looked Father

Superior square in the eyes. "Take your old-age stick," Petro was told, "and go through the whole countryside. Enter each house and tell every one that you have deceived them; that you yourself had less confidence in the devil than they had! That you ate their best goats because you loved goat meat and that your conduct was wicked and corrupt! Then ask them, Petro, if they will please forgive you . . ."

Bino's Humility

This was a hard thing to ask of a man, but Petro, who was now over 60 years old, obeyed. As soon as he came home to his village, he began to go around to every house and did what he was told. The people listened to him in amazement! They were dumbfounded! "Bino, Bino!" they cried, (Petro's name was Bino before) "is it true what you say? Is it true that you have fooled us? How could you do this, Bino? Tell us, tell us—are you really sincere now? Tell us, Bino!" "I am most sincere," replied Petro contritely . . .

Bino's humility, as Petro, astounded and overwhelmed all the natives of Bukerenge. His new faith was so impressive that many wanted to follow him. His utter humility and penance convinced them that now, he WAS truly sincere! And soon, the chapel at Bukerenge, where the White Fathers and Sisters conduct the mission, was too small to contain all the converts! Especially the older folks who knew Petro as Bino, and they said that here was something really wonderful, that a man as wicked as Bino could become as good as Petro. Even now, the story of Bino the Witch-Doctor is told—as an example of what God can do—even for the very worst of us . . .

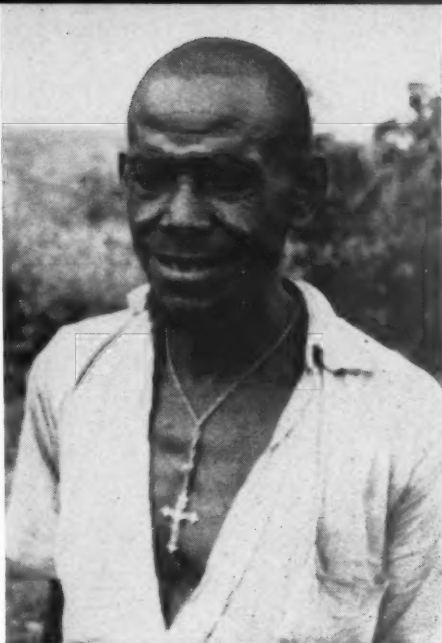
No one remembers when it was that a certain devil inspired Bino to leave his native land in the north of Uganda and move farther south near the Equator. He finally settled near a place where the White Fathers lived. But Bino meant to earn his living the easy way . . .

Bino's Story

Because he had a glib tongue, a commanding appearance and plenty of wit, he was able to pose as a Witch-Doctor. It wasn't long before the superstitious people of those parts were won over to this mysterious newcomer who boasted that he knew the spirits of darkness. He claimed to be able to cure disease and sickness—and for his payment he always got the best and fattest goat his clients owned, which he greedily devoured. Over a period of time, it was estimated that Bino had consumed over 500 goats! And then something happened—

no one seems to know what. Bino gave up his sorcery and witchcraft, and to everyone's surprise, he went to the catechist of his village and said that he wanted to become a Catholic!

But first, Bino had to send away all his wives. He kept only one who joined him in his new role—and together they learned about the gentle Master and the teachings of the true faith. Then suddenly, the wife of Bino became sick and died. There was barely enough time for her to be baptized before she gave her soul back to its Creator. God knows that this was a most severe test for Bino. Would he become disillusioned or bitter now? Would he go back from whence he came? But Bino chose to continue and two months later, choosing the name of Petro, he too became a follower of Christ. That was when the Father Superior of the White Fathers called Petro in, and imposed the heavy obligation upon him to undo the evil of his past. Poor Petro found out that being a Catholic was not for cowards, but for brave men. And it can be said here . . . that he was one of them! A brave and humble man.



Petro, a Humble Christian

A Tall Tale

Our schoolboys are exceedingly keen to learn "Cinglezi" (English). They make real efforts to memorize lists of words for their conversations. The great difficulty at the outset lies in the choice of words . . .

One student, back home from school, casually told his parents that the word "narrative" meant "tale," and "extinguish" meant "to put out." However, the mother understood the word "tail" for "tale."

Some days later, while the family was enjoying a meal in company with some friends, a dog entered the house. The mother, remembering her English lesson and wishing to impress her guests, said to the boy: "Please EXTINGUISH that dog by its NARRATIVE."



Salt is where you find it. Native women will pour water over the ashes of a certain species of wood and drain off the liquid which is then mixed with the food as seasoning. Of course, there is the commercial salt bought in the stores, but it is rather expensive. Children get their share from another source.

After lighting his pipe, a White Father flicked the match towards a group of children. There was a mad scramble for the burnt stick. A little tot picked it up and chewed off the

end, relishing the tip as though it were chocolate. Then to the envy of his playmates, he passed the remaining piece through the pierced lobe of his left ear. With a smile of satisfaction he looked at the Missionary and said: "Please light another match, Father. I need one for the other ear!"

OBITUARY

We recommend to the prayers of our Readers the souls of:

- Rt. Rev. Msgr. John C. McClary, Jersey City, N. J.
- Sister M. Longin, W.S.
- Mr. Patrick Carroll, Metuchen, N. J.
- Mr. James Burke, Jersey City, N. J.
- Mrs. Elizabeth Sprat, Jersey City, N. J.
- Mrs. Helen Donahue, Metuchen, N. J.
- Mr. John Casey, New Brunswick, N. J.
- Mrs. Catherine Breen, Metuchen, N. J.
- Miss Mary Craig, Jersey City, N. J.
- Mr. John Robichaud, Lynn, Mass.
- Mrs. Anna Klein, Brooklyn, N. Y.
- Mrs. Catherine Mooney, East Orange, N. J.
- Mr. Armand Bouveroit, Bergenfield, N. J.
- Mr. Samuel Wiley, Metuchen, N. J.



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